

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heavy too: God keepe Lead  
out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I  
haue led my rag of Muslians where they are peperdither's not  
three of my 150 left aliue, and they are for the cownes end, to  
begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

*Prin.* VVhat standst thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,  
Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the houres of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnreheugd, I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Furke  
*Gregory* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day:  
I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay before God, Hal, if *Percy* be aliue, thou gets not my  
sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a City.

*The Prince drames it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.*

*Prin.* VVhat is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the Bottle at him, and Exit.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way,  
so: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Car-  
bonado of mee: I like not such griuings honour as *fr Walter*  
hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes  
vnlookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of*

*Lancaster, and Earle of VVestmerland.*

*King.* I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bledest too

*much; Lord John of Lancaster, goe you with him.*

*P. John* Not I, my Lord, vlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiesty make vp,

Left your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*Ki.* I will doe so: my L. of *VVestmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe.

And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the Fourth

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where staynd Nobilitie lies troden on,  
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres.

*John.* Wee breathe too long, come consin *Westmerland*,  
Our duty this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, *Lancaster*,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit;

Before, I lou'd thee as a brother *John*,

But now I doe respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt;

With lustier maintenance then I did looke for

Of such an vngrowne Warriour.

*Prin.* O, this Boy lends metall to vs all. *Exit.*

*Dowg.* Another King, they grow like Hydras heads,

I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all those

That weare those colours on them. What art thou

That counterfeist the person of a King?

*King.* The King himselte, who *Dowglas* grieues at heart,

So many of his shadowes thou hast met,

And not the very King: I haue two Boyes

Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about the Field;

But seeing thou fall'st on mee so luckily,

I will assay thee: and defend thy selfe.

*Dowg.* I feare, thou art another Counterfeist;

And yet in faith thou bear'st it thee like a King:

But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou bee:

And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prince.* Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, for thou art like

Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits

Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,

Who neuer promiseth, but hee meanes to pay.

*They fight, Dowglas slayeth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?

*Sir Nicholas Gamsey* hath for succour sent,

And so hath *Clifton*; lie to *Clifton* strait.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while,

K 2

Thou